

WEEKLY

THE



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 38]

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 142]

AN

INTERESTING SPANISH STORY.

(Concluded from page 290.)

DURING this time, Dbn Lewis, his wife, and daughter, having been informed of the accident, Leocadia ran into the street, and, as the tears streamed from her eyes, called aloud for her son. Her father followed her and in vain conjured her to be silent; the people joined in their lamentations, and every one was eager to point out the road which the old cavalier had taken. They pursued him with hasty steps; and being arrived at his house, ran up to the apartment where the child lay, under the hands of the surgeon who was dressing his wound. Leocadia folded him in her arms, and anxiously enquired whether the wound was dangerous; and being assured of the contrary, her exclamations of grief were succeeded by demonstrations of joy, equally extravagant. While she was thus giving vent to the pleasing effusions of maternal tenderness, Don Lewis and his wife returned thanks to the old cavalier for his kindness and humanity; they told him that the child was the son of a distant relation, and that having had him in their house from his infancy, their daughter had conceived as great an affection for him as if he were her own.

When the fears of Leocadia for the safety of her child had subsided, she set herself down on the bedside, and cast her eyes around the room: but what was her surprise when she saw the same furniture, and the same pictures, as the light of the moon had once discovered to her sight! She perceived the same oratory from whence she had taken the crucifix; the tapestry was the same; in short, every thing bespoke the fatal apartment in which her chastity had suffered so gross a violation.

The dreadful recollection overpowered her spirits, already exhausted by too violent exertion; the color forsook her cheeks, and she sunk senseless on the floor. Her parents ran to her assistance; and having by the usual applications, restored her to her senses, immediately conveyed her to their own house. She would fain have taken her child with her; but the old cavalier was so earnest in his entreaties for him to remain where he was, till his health should be perfectly re-established, that they could not resist his solicitations.

As soon as they were alone, Leocadia communicated to her parents the observations she had made, and assured them the house they had just left was the residence of her ravisher. Don Lewis instantly went to obtain every species of information, which the importance of the subject demanded. The result of his enquiries was this—that

the old cavalier's name was Don Diego de Lara; that he had a son called Rodolpho, who had passed the last seven years at Naples, where his manners had undergone such a total change, that, from being the most irregular and unprincipled young man in Toledo, he had become a model of prudence and virtue; and that the beauty of his person, joined to his mental accomplishments, rendered him the most desirable man for a husband of any in Castile.

Don Lewis and his wife no longer doubted but that Rodolpho was the man who had dishonored Leocadia. But could they flatter themselves that he would repair the outrage he had committed, by espousing the daughter of a person, who, though he could boast of a noble descent, and a spotless réputation, had the misfortune to be the poorest nobleman in Toledo? No, he did not encourage such pleasing hopes; all his thoughts were bent on revenge. But Leocadia beseeching him to leave the management of this intricate affair wholly to her, and not to interfere till she should require his intercession, he was induced, though not without great reluctance, to comply with her request. She now reflected, therefore, on the best mode of reconciling the dictates of prudence, with the preservation of her honor. Her child still remained at Don Diego's; and that worthy old man paid him every possible attention. His wound wore a "favorable appearance

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and his mother, together with Don Lewis and his wife, passed whole days in his room.

One day, as Leocadia was alone with Don Diego, who held her son in his arms, and caressed him with all the fondness of a parent, she could not refrain from bursting into tears; when Don Diego pressed her with such friendly anxiety to declare the cause of her grief, that, being unable to withstand her solicitations, she related, with a heavy heart, and dejected countenance, every thing which had happened in his house: and, in proof of her assertions, produced the crucifix, which Don Diego immediately recollects. She then threw herself at his feet, and exclaimed—

“Though your son has dishonored me, I cannot refrain from embracing your knees; though your son has condemned me to disgrace and misery, I cannot withhold my love from you; I cannot but esteem you as the best of fathers.

The child, seeing his mother cry, wept from sympathy; and Don Diego, unable to resist such an affecting sight, raised up Leocadia, pressing her and her son alternately to his bosom, swore that Rodolpho should either marry her, or remain single during his whole life.

In consequence of this declaration, he wrote to his son the very next day, commanding him to repair to Toledo without delay, in order to celebrate his marriage with a lady he had chosen for his daughter-in-law. Rodolpho obeyed the summons, and arrived at his father's house; who, after the first congratulations were over, began to talk of his approaching nuptials. He expatiated greatly on the riches of his destined bride, but concluded by showing a hideous picture, which he had drawn on purpose and which could not fail to excite disgust. Rodolpho shuddered at the idea of marrying such an object of deformity, and attempted to remonstrate with his father on the impossibility of obeying his commands; but Don Diego assuming an air of severity, told him that fortune was the only point worthy of consideration in a matrimonial connection. Rodolpho, however, declaimed with great eloquence against a principle so destructive of human felicity; adding, that it had been his constant prayer to heaven to find a wife, endowed with prudence and beauty, whose

fortune he might make; in return for the happiness he was sure to derive from her society.

Don Diego, dissembling his joy at the promulgation of sentiments so congenial with his own, was proceeding to combat the doctrine advanced by his son, when a servant announced Donna Maria Leocadia, and her child, had come to sup with him. Never did Leocadia appear so lovely; it seemed as if the native graces and beauty of her person had received the aid of supernatural embellishments. Her charms dazzled the eyes of Rodolpho, who eagerly asked his father who that divine creature was?

Don Diego pretending not to hear him, advanced to the lady, and was grieved to see a deadly paleness overspread the face of Leocadia, to feel her hands trembling within his own, and to perceive the sight of his son had almost deprived her of her senses. Her utmost efforts were inadequate to support her courage on this trying occasion,—she fainted, and Rodolpho ran to her assistance with an enthusiastic ardor, and charmed his worthy parent.

At length she recovered, and supper was served, during which the eyes of Rodolpho were invariably fixed on Leocadia, who scarcely dared look up; she spoke little, but her words were expressive of her sense, and were pronounced in a melancholy tone, which augmented the pleasure Rodolpho experienced in listening to them.

Her child was seated by the side of his father, and by his insinuating looks, and innocent caresses, attracted his attention, and gained his friendship so far as to extort a remark, that the father of such a child ought to esteem himself a happy mortal.

After supper, Rodolpho, stricken with the charms of Leocadia, took his father aside, and told him, in a respectful but decisive manner, that nothing should ever induce him to marry the person whose portrait he had shown him. “You must though, (replied the old man,) unless you prefer the young and noble lady with whom you have just supped.”

“O, gracious heaven! (exclaimed Rodolpho,) would she but deign to ac-

cept my hand, I should be the happiest of men!” “And I the happiest of fathers—if my son, by such an alliance, could atone for the crime which has polluted his honor.”

He then told Rodolpho all he knew, and drawing the golden crucifix from his bosom—“There, my son, said he, there is the witness and the judge of that horrible outrage which your blind obedience to a vicious impulse induced you to commit; a judge who will not forgive you till you have obtained the forgiveness of Leocadia.”

The blush of conscious guilt now tinged the cheek of Rodolpho, who ran to throw himself at Leocadia's feet—“I have deserved your hatred and contempt, exclaimed he; but if love the most respectful, if repentance the most sincere, can be deemed worthy of pardon, do not refuse to bestow it on me. Consider, that a single word from your lips will either render me the vilest and most wretched of men, or the most tender and happiest of husbands.”

Leocadia was silent for an instant, while her eyes, overflowing with tears, were fixed on Rodolpho; then turning to her son, she took him in her arms, and delivered him to his father.—“There,—said she, with a feeble voice, “there is my answer! May that child render you as happy, as he has made me miserable.”

A priest and two witnesses being immediately sent for, these fortunate nuptials were celebrated that very night; and Rodolpho, restored forever to virtue, experienced this important truth—

That real happiness can only be found in lawful love.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DR. JENNER.

(From “Public Characters of 1802-3,”
Published at London.)

THE life of Dr. JENNER teaches us a lesson which is somewhat mortifying to the pride of man: that the respect with which we are received by our fellow men is strangely independent of our own exertions. It proves how necessary success is to the honor of an

action, however admirable its intentions may have been. When Jenner whispered his expectation that this discovery might perhaps prevent the small-pox, his auditor according to the turn of mind which he possessed, might have smiled at his conceit or applauded his ingenuity. When Jenner made experiments with this expectation, his perseverance might have produced a higher degree of mirth or of commendation. It was only when these experiments were crowned with success that no praises and no reward seemed too great for his exalted merit. And yet had one link in the chain of events been omitted by him, which it was perhaps impossible for man to know; had disappointment attended his exertions, he would have been regarded as a wild and miserable projector although his real merits would have remained the same.

[Enquirer.

DR. Edward Jenner is the youngest son of the Rev. Stephen Jenner, M. A. of the university of Oxford, Rector of Rockhampton, and Vicar of Berkeley in Gloucestershire; where the subject of this memoir was born in 1749.

Independent of church preferment, his father was possessed of considerable landed property in the same county. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Henry Head, of a respectable family in Berkshire; who also once held the living of Berkeley, and was at the same time a prebendary of Bristol.

Dr. Jenner had the misfortune to lose his father at a very early period of life; but this loss, which too frequently prevents the proper cultivation of the mental faculties, was fortunately supplied by the well directed and affectionate attention of his elder brother, the Rev. Stephen Jenner; who brought him up with a tenderness truly paternal. He had another brother, the Rev. Henry Jenner, many years domestic chaplain to the Earl of Aylesbury, and vicar of Great Bedwin, Wilts; father of the Rev. George Jenner, and Mr. Henry Jenner, surgeon of Berkely, whose names so frequently appear in the history of Vaccine Innoculation.

After receiving a classical education at Cirencester, and learning the rudiments of surgery and pharmacy from Mr. Judy,

low of Sodbury a man of high professional eminence, he was placed under the immediate tuition of the late Mr. John Hunter; with whom he lived two years as a house pupil.

In liberal minds a congeniality of talent and pursuits lays the foundation of sincere and lasting friendship. This observation is fully exemplified by that friendship which ever after subsisted between the celebrated preceptor and pupil. A constant correspondence was kept up between them, which only ceased with the death of the former.

As a proof in what estimation Mr. Hunter held the abilities of Dr. Jenner we may remark, that he offered him a partnership in his profession, which was extremely valuable. Mr. Hunter was desirous of giving lectures on natural history upon an extensive plan; and justly appreciating the abilities of his pupil Jenner, and his ardor and perseverance in those enquiries, he well knew the ample support he should derive from the acquisition of his talents.

After finishing his studies in London, Dr. Jenner settled at Berkeley. His attachment to this situation was so strong, that nothing seemed capable of seducing him from it. Hunter, nor the allurements of the eastern world, though held up to him in the most dazzling point of view, could tempt him to desert it, for no mortal was ever more charmed with the place of his nativity than Dr. Jenner.

He continued the practice of physic and surgery at Berkely, with increasing success and reputation; and, did the limits of our publication permit, we would enumerate many instances of his eminent skill and singular ingenuity in the healing art, during this period of life.

From the extent of his practice, his professional duties became extremely laborious; and as it continued to increase he was under the necessity of relinquishing the most fatiguing parts of his business. He therefore took out a diploma,

In 1788, Dr. Jenner married Miss Catharine Kingscote in Gloucestershire, a family of the highest respectability in the country, by whom he has three children; two sons and a daughter.

Having disengaged himself from surgery, he had leisure for the pursuit of other studies more congenial to his mind; physiology, and natural history. But, even previously to this event, notwithstanding the pressure of numerous avocations, he frequently found opportunities of indulging his favorite propensity. By the joint aid of actual observation, and opposite conjecture, he completely elucidated a very obscure and much disputed point in the natural history of the cuckoo. The originality of this disquisition excited much attention among naturalists. He was soon after elected a fellow of the Royal Society.

Strong as was the attachment of Dr. Jenner to his native valley, yet circumstances soon occurred which rendered his presence in London absolutely necessary. We allude to his most happy discovery of Vaccine Innoculation; to the history of which we now hasten, as the most important part of this narrative.

For the discovery of the divine art of vaccination, we are indebted to a fortunate concurrence of circumstances; talents, education, and situation: to the talents of Dr. Jenner, his education under the celebrated Hunter, and his situation in the vale of Gloucester. His inquiry into the nature of the cow-pox commenced about the year 1776. His attention to this singular disease was first excited by observing, that among those whom he inoculated for the small-pox, many were insusceptible of that disorder. These persons he was informed had undergone the casual cow-pox, which had been known in the dairies from time immemorial, and a vague opinion had prevailed that it was a preventative of the small pox.

Dr. Jenner met with many apparent exceptions to this rule, which led him to ask the opinions of other medical practitioners in the neighborhood, who all agreed, that the prophylactic power of the cow-pox was not to be relied on. This for a while damped, but did not extinguish his ardor; for he had the satisfaction to learn, that the cow was subject to various eruptions called the cow-pox, all of which were capable of infecting the hands of the milkers. Having surmounted this obstacle, he formed a distinction between the different kinds of pustulous eruptions to

which the cow is liable; denominating one species the true, and all the others the spurious cow pox.

This impediment to his progress was not long removed, before another, of far greater magnitude in appearance started up. Instances were not wanting to prove, that when the genuine cow-pox broke out in a dairy, some persons who had experienced the disease resisted the small-pox; and others continued susceptible of that distemper.

This obstacle, as well as the former gave a painful check to his fond aspiring hopes; but reflecting that the operations of nature are for the most part uniform, and that when two persons have had the cow-pox it is not probable one should be perfectly shielded from the small-pox, and the constitution of the other remain unprotected, he resumed his labors with redoubled ardor.

The result was fortunate; for he now discovered, that vaccine, as well as variolous matter, undergoes a change: and that when it has lost its specific property, it is still capable of communicating a pustulous eruption. Hence a person who milks a cow one day may receive the infection of the genuine cow-pox, and be rendered forever secure from the infection of the small-pox, while another who milks the same cow the next day may have a pustulous eruption, and perhaps a constitutional indisposition to a considerable extent, yet still remain susceptible of the variolous contagion.

While thus investigating the nature of the cow pox, he was struck with the idea, that it might be practicable to propagate the disease by inoculation, after the manner of the small-pox; first from the cow, and then from one human subject to another. The first case in which he put this theory to the test inspired him with confidence; and a regular series of experiments, which he afterwards instituted for that purpose, was crowned with success.

Several persons were successively inoculated from each other with vaccine matter, and afterwards exposed in a variety of ways to the infection of the small-pox, which they all resisted.

This happy discovery was communicated to the world by Dr. Jenner, in a treatise published in June, 1798, entitled, "An Inquiry into Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ, a disease discovered in some of the western counties of England, particularly in Gloucestershire and known by the name of the Cow-pox." The result of his further experience was also brought forward in subsequent publications in the course of the two succeeding years; and the whole work has been published in one volume. He has since written a small tract entitled, "The origin of Vaccine Inoculation; from which the preceding account of that singular improvement of the healing art is, in a great measure extracted.

(To be continued.)

MEN AND WOMEN;

How different in point of understanding.

WOMEN generally have quicker perceptions; men have juster sentiments.—Women consider how things may be prettily said; men how they may be properly said.—In women (young ones at least,) speaking accompanies, and sometimes precedes reflection; in men reflection is the antecedent.

Women speak to shine or please; men to convince or confute.—Women admire what is brilliant; men what is solid.—Women prefer an extemporeaneous sally of wit, or a sparkling effusion of fancy, before the most accurate reasoning, or the most laborious investigation of facts.

In literary composition women are pleased with point, turn, and antithesis; men with observation, and a just deduction of effects from their causes.—Women are fond of incidents; men of argument.—Women admire passionately; men cautiously.—One sex will think it betrays a want of feeling to be moderate in their applause; the other will be afraid of exposing a want of judgment by being in raptures with any thing.—Men refuse to give way to the emotions they actually feel; while women sometimes affect to be transported beyond what the occasion will justify.

The women of this country were not sent into the world to shun society, but to embellish it;—they were not designed for wilds and solitudes, but for the amiable and endearing offices of social life.—They have useful stations to fill, and important characters to sustain.—They are of a religion which does not impose penances, but enjoins duties; a religion of perfect purity, but of perfect benevolence also,—a religion which does not condemn its followers to indolent seclusion from the world, but assigns them the more dangerous, though more honorable province of living uncorrupted in it.

In fine, a religion, which does not direct them to fly from the multitude, that they may do nothing, but which positively forbids them to follow a multitude to do evil.

A PASSIONATE WOMAN.

A passionate woman's happiness is never in her own keeping;—it is the sport of accident and the slave of events.—It is in the power of her acquaintances,—her servants,—but chiefly her enemies;—and all her comforts lie at the mercy of others. So far from being willing to learn of Him who was meek and lowly, she considers meekness as the want of a becoming spirit, and lowliness as a despicable and vulgar meanness.

An imperious woman will so little covet the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, that it is the only ornament she will not be solicitous to wear. But resentment is a very expensive vice. How dearly has it cost its votaries, even from the sin of Cain, the first offender of this kind?

"It is cheaper (says a pious writer,) to forgive and save the charges."

AN EXTRAORDINARY LOVE-LETTER,

From Mr. Peter Plaistman, to Miss Priscilla Prudish, Madam, I am, &c. &c.

I am a little afraid you and I shall never come together. There is that expectation of flattery about you that I cannot bear; yet as I love to be honest, (a bold word that,) I will once for all speak my mind, and I desire your attentions.

I believe I do not admire you or value you for any one of those charms for which you admire and value yourself. I do not, for instance, pay any adoration to the present brightness of your eyes, because I am so strange a fellow as to consider them philosophically. They are very brilliant, to be sure: But what are they, Madam? Fops, fools and poets, would, in their usual airy manner, tell you, that they were made of celestial fire; that they were two animated balls of beauty; two love-darting mirrors, formed by the Graces, and a pack of such stuff: But I scorn to figure away at the expense of fair truth; I write in honest prose, Madam; and therefore, in honest prose I tell you, that those same balls of ethereal beauty; those same love-darting mirrors, are at best two pieces of ordinary clay, varnished. The varnish, I allow, is good, and well put on: But what of all this? I am not such a short-sighted, amorous puppy, but I can look forward a little beyond the length of my nose, to the time when the gloss will all be worn away; when the japan of nature will be utterly gone, and the devil a spark of fire will you have about you, if you live long enough; and then what becomes of your love-darters! Dont be quite so vain, my young beauty.

Another mighty matter, upon which you have, it seems, to pique yourself, is your face; I mean such things as we call cheeks, lips and complexion. I wish it to be known to you, that I have but a very poor opinion of these divine graces, as you call them. Some time ago I remember you showed me, in a great air of triumph, a paper scrawled upon by some florid puppy of your acquaintance, who swore, in very sorry verses, that your cheeks threw into utter despair all the lilies and roses in the creation: your skin, too, was, if I recollect, polished marble; the veins were compared to the azure of the the third heaven, and the color was whiter than alabaster.

"Tis a lie, Priscilla: "Tis a sad lie. You are indebted to poetical fiction for all this trash: the rogues who deal in it have, as they tell us, a licence from that silly fellow, *Apollo*, to play such pranks with idle girls and boys who believe them. For my part, I never could be taken in by the tag of a rhyme, nor the cadence of a couplet, nor the trans-

position of ten syllables, since I was born; I always looked upon them as mere ear-traps.

What a collection of falsities is here, indeed! I never saw a pair of cheeks in my life that were fairer than a lily; nor a pair of lips that were redder than a rose.

As to alabaster, I will take it upon me to say, that never was a woman's skin half so white in the whole world; and I should be very glad to see a complexion so well polished as a piece of Egyptian marble. No, no; these flights won't pass upon men of cool prose: they won't, indeed, Priscilla—upon my soul they won't. Metaphor, metaphor, metaphor, my dear, is a mere toy; it tickles the child's ear; but I heartily despise it: not but that I give to a fine form its proper portion of praise; I am perfectly sensible to handsome features; I like to see the proper proportions of red and white; I am very well pleased with a sparkling pair of eyes: but I have no idea of calling any of these what they really are not; nor of, comparing them with objects to which they have no likeness whatever. For instance, now your bosom is said to be purer than driven snow: If that isn't carrying the jest as far as it will fairly go, I don't know what is. Snow, quoth'a! Why, Madam, if a snow-ball and your bosom were shown together, and any thing in the world but a poet to be the judge, he would say that you were a swarthy gipsy in comparison.

But how you ladies can be pleased with all this high-flying, is to me astonishing. Zounds, Priscilla! how can this be? If a man was to compare me to a stick, or a stone, or a tree, or a plant that I was no more like than I am like the main ocean, should I perk up my head and look about me the more for that? As to features, skin, complexion &c. they are so truly things of to-day, if I was a woman I should be afraid to put any trust in them. They have more enemies than the ever-persecuted just have. I could recount such a catalogue as would make,

"—Your hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the刺ful porcupine."

Go into your garden—fix your attention on the fairest flower, and take care that it is in the luxuriance of its bloom.

Did you ever behold tints more ex-sel—colors better mixed—or beauties better varied? Now leave it: pay it a second visit to-morrow morning:—What are you surprised at? that a flower should fade?—A slight blast of wind in the night hath wholly destroyed it! the tints are dead? the colors are faded? the beauty is no more!—Step now to your toilet. Indeed, Priscilla, you are very pretty: what a face—what an air—what a shape! In the evening one of the thousand enemies of handsome features overtakes you, and your second visit to the mirror shows—an ugly woman. I believe you to have wit enough to see whereto all this tends: It tends, Priscilla, to your instruction.—I would not have you fix too violent a dependence upon features. Nor do I, Priscilla estimate you according to your wealth; certain it is, old Prudish, your father, left you rich; but I wish you were not so fascinated with those possessions. I heard you talk in such raptures of a new coach, and new diamonds, that I am much afraid you are far gone in the *fripperies* of life. A slight fever would soon show you the impotency of gold; and it would divest you of all the trappings in which you have wantonly dressed the finest set of horses in the universe. Every thing I have mentioned is held on a sad tenure, even the tenure of a regular pulse. I think there is under all your false ideas, a good heart: 'tis this, Priscilla, which draws me towards you. I think I could banish the frailties that cling at present about your affections.

If you can bear me after this letter, I shall have a better opinion of you than ever: If you are offended, and take pet at it, I shall lose you it is true—but then I shall know by experience, that your love was not worth seeking. I know we should live very happy together, if you would but comply with my terms. They are neither difficult nor various:—1. Break your looking-glass 2. Turn all your poets out of doors.—3. Throw their verses into the fire—and lastly, make a solemn vow, never more to put your trust in metaphors and comparisons—two cursed things, which have done more mischief to young women than libertinism itself. What say you? Will you agree to these conditions and take to your bosom—without either lace on his coat, poetry in his head, or puppyism at his heart—your old friend, and humble servant,

PETER PLAINMAN

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, June 22, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 31 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 10—convulsions 3—dropsy 2—dropsy in the head 1 inflammation of the bowels 2—typhus fever 1—apoplexy 2—casualty 1—nervous fever 1—Palsy 1—peripneumony 1—small pox 1—sudden death 1—suicide by cutting throat 2—syphilis 2—

Of whom 8 were men—12 women—6 boys—and 8 girls.

Of whom 8 were of and under the age of one year—2 between 1 and 2—4 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—3 between 20 and 30—8 between 30 and 40—4 between 40 and 50—1 between 50 and 60—1 between 70 and 80—and 1 between 80 and 90.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

On the 26th of June, there will be an Eclipse of the Sun, in the afternoon partly visible as follows;

	h. m.
Beginning at	6, 49.
Sun sets about 5½ digits eclipsed, at	7, 27

On Saturday morning, a young man named McCassin, was drowned at Corlears Hook, while bathing.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

A certain Wm. Brown, who was lately confined in the Debtor's Prison in this city, made it his daily practice to amuse himself and terrify his associates by jumping and running on the roof of the building. At one time he would stand with one foot on the edge of the dormant window and the other extended over the pavement below; at another he would throw his body over the eaves of the roof and suspend himself over the pavement by holding the gutter with his hands. Last week he walked deliberately on the gutter to the cor-

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ner of the building, put himself over the eaves of the roof, and came down into the yard on the pipe or box which leads from the gutter. As he was making his escape from the yard he was apprehended by one of the turnkeys of the prison, from whom we received these facts.

Com. Adv.

At the late court on Oyer and Terminer, held in this city, 5 persons were convicted of Forgery, and sentenced to the State Prison for life. Among the number was one Louis Hardi Le Blanc, who professed himself to be a near relation (first cousin, we believe) to His Imperial majesty Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of the French. It is understood, though we cannot vouch for the correctness of the report, that he had remonstrated in a letter to one of the magistrates against the jurisdiction of the court; and that he had threatened to appeal for redress to the affection and magnanimity of his illustrious relation.

Grand Larceny, 8, to State Prison for different periods of time.

Petit Larceny, 12, to State Prison for different periods—Margaret Connelly and Mary Richardson, (two priestesses of the Cyprian queen) were convicted of keeping disorderly houses, and sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred dollars each.

Assault and Battery, 3, in the case of one of which, John Smith, usually called Doctor John Smith, the Mercantile Advertiser observes—If at any time it were justifiable to employ "a rigor beyond the law," the case of the culprit Smith would be a sufficient excuse for exercising this power in its extremest latitude. In the expressive language of the counsel who assisted the public prosecutor, he has added a new sin to the catalogue of crimes. It appeared in evidence that he had for some time back been in the habit of enticing young girls from six to eight years of age into his store, and endeavoring by practices too indecent, too diabolical to be published, to debauch their minds and prepare their persons for prostitution. Had the charge against this hoary headed offender been made capital in the indictment, there is good reason to believe it would have been sufficiently substantiated. We regret

the mildness of his punishment; and should have felt no wish to reverse the sentence had it been to blot him entirely out of that society to which he is so foul a dishonor.

He was convicted of five separate indictments for an assault on the persons of five little girls, two months imprisonment in bridewell on each conviction, and to pay a fine of 50 dollars.

THE UNHAPPY ARNOLD,

Was on Tuesday last, indicted, and convicted, at the Circuit Court held in this place by his honor Chief Justice Kent, of the murder of Betsey Van Amburgh, an orphan, by whipping her in such an injudicious and barbarous manner as to occasion her death.

Judge Kent, after an impressive address to the prisoner, passed sentence on him, viz.—" You are to be taken from hence to the place of confinement, and from thence to the place of execution, and there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead—and the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Yesterday the honorable Court fixed the time of his execution to Friday the 19th day of July next, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and two o'clock in the afternoon.

The trial occupied about five hours and an half, and the Jury were about two hours deliberating on their verdict.

Thomas R. Gold, Esq. was counsel for the prisoner, and Nathan Williams, Esq. District Attorney, conducted the prosecution on the part of the state.

Cooperstown paper, June 6.

From a London paper.

VACCINE INNOCULATION.

Statement of the number of persons inoculated at the station of the Royal Jennerian Society, in eighteen months from the Quarterly reports.

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

	Persons.
Central House,	2,911
Surry Chapel,	2,110
Maze Pond, Southwark,	387
Rotherhithe,	510
Shadwell,	512
Mile-end,	516
John Street, Minories,	400
Bishopsgate,	1,970
Hoxton,	816
Golden Lane,	379
Clerkenwell,	245
Gate street; Holborn,	216
Mary-la-Bonne,	1,523
Westminster,	218
<hr/>	
	12,013
Inoculated before the Central House was opened,	175
<hr/>	
Total,	12,288

N. B. In the same period, 10,352 charges of Vaccine Virus have been supplied from the Central House, in Salisbury square, free of expense, to applications from most parts of the British empire, and foreign countries.

LONDON FASHIONS,

For May.

Full Dresses.—1. Morning Installation dress of royal purple and silver. The sleeves and back of white and silver silk; the sleeves festooned and ornamented with diamonds. The hair dressed with a bandeau of diamonds and white feathers. Purple shoes and fan.—2. Installation ball dress. The train of royal purple and silver, with a tunic of richly embroidered white crape. The hair dressed with diamonds, and a large plume of white feathers.

Promenade dresses.—1. A round dress of plain white muslin, with a spencer cloak of green silk, trimmed all round with black lace. A straw hat turned up in front, and ornamented with feathers.

2. White muslin dress, with a Spanish cloak of buff-colored silk or muslin, trimmed with broad white lace. A straw hat turned up at the sides.—3. A round dress of cambric muslin, with a black lace cloak, trimmed all round. A brown beaver Spanish hat, ornamented with a feather of the same color.



MARRIED.

At Hackensack, on Sunday evening last, Mr. John Rayner, of Brooklyn, to Mrs. Jane Currie, of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 9th inst. Mr David Raynor, to Miss Olivia M'Donald both of this city.

DIED.

On Thursday last week, Mr. Joseph Brown, formerly a resident of Newark.

On the 16th inst. at his seat, the Manor of Pelham, Mr. Rem Raphelje, aged 77, formerly a merchant of great respectability in this city.

On Wednesday, the 12th inst. in the 39th year of her age, after a tedious and painful illness, Mrs. Eleanor M'Ardle, relict of the late Patrick M'Ardle of this city.

On Sunday, in the 44th year of his age after a tedious illness, Mr. Jacob Boerum, Merchant of this city.

Suddenly, on Thursday morning, Mrs. Wood, relict of the late Mr. John Wood, teacher of the Episcopal Charity School.

Lately at Atkenny, Galway county, Ireland, after a short illness, Mr. Dennis Coorobee, of Ballandangan, aged 117; a truly honest man. He retained his faculties to the last, and until two days previous to his death he never remembered to have had any complaint or sickness whatever (tooth ache only excepted); three weeks before his death he walked from his house to Galway, and back the same day, which is 26 miles.—He could, to the last, read the smallest print without glasses, which he never accustomed himself to, with as much ease as a boy of fifteen. It has been acknowledged by the most intelligent men in Ireland that, for the present age, he was the most experienced farmer, and the brightest genius for the improvement of agriculture: it is upwards of 70 years since he propagated that most useful article, the Black Potatoe. He was married 7 times, and when married last he was 93 years old; by his wives he had 48 children; he had 236 grand children, and 25 great grand children, the oldest of whom is four years old; his own youngest son (by his last wife) is about 18 years old.

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau St. where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ache.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-ach Drops, I procur'd a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent service. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 438 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co. Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery Lane.

Price One Dollar



ODE TO THE POPPY.

WRITTEN IN SPAIN, BY THE HON. MRS. O' NEAL.

NOT for the promise of the labour'd field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine ;
For dull, to humid eyes appear
The golden glories of the year,
Alas ! a melancholy worship's mine,
I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower.
Thou brilliant weed,
That dost so far exceed
The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow ;
Heedless I pass'd thee in life's morning hour,
Thou comforter of woe,
Till sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early days, when fancy cheats,
A various wreath I wove
Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,
To deck ungrateful love,
The rose or thorn my numbers crown'd,
As Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd ;
But love and joy and all their train are flown,
E'er languid hope no more is mine,
And I will sing of thee alone ;
Unless perchance the attribute of grief,
The cypress bud and willow leaf
Their pale funereal foliage blend with thine.

Hail lovely blossom ! thou can'st ease
The wretched victim of disease,
Canst close those weary eyes in sleep,
Which never open but to weep !
For oh ! thy potent charm,
Can agonizing pain disarm,
Expel imperious memory from her seat,
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.

Soul soothing plant ! that can such blessings give,
By thee the mourner loves to live,
By thee the hopeless die,
Oh, ever friendly to despair,
Might sorrow's paled voluntary dare,
Without a crime, that remedy t'implore,
Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
I'd court thy palliating aid no more,
No more I'd sue that thou shoul'dst it spread
Thy spell around my aching head,
But would conjure thee to impart
Thy balsam for a broken heart,
And by thy soft Lethean power,
Inextinguishable flower,
Burst these terrestrial bands and other regions try.

THE VISITOR,

FAT! FAIR! AND FORTY!

A BAGATELLE.

WHEN ELIZA was young, 'twas the fashion to
Not so large round the waist, as she's now 'bout her
knee !
Then by acids and starvings, she kept herself under,
Till her shape, for its size, was each thriving girl's
wonder :
She was Eliza the slender, the gay, and the smart,
And, tho' small, she has made some large holes in
each heart !
So graceful her motion, her gait was so airy,
That, when dancing, you'd swear she'd the foot of a
fairy :
But now turn'd of forty, how chang'd is the fashion,
Since for ~~fat~~, and not ~~bone~~, men have taken a pas-
sion !
So instead of a monstrous long walk in the Mall,
And picking for dinner the leg of a quail,
ELIZA crams every minute rich tautes and wines,
And cares not how often each day that she dines :
There's no lascious tit-bit but she'll greedily swal-
low,
And aloud for good drink, like an old toper, holloa !
Thus, by stuffing, and cramming, by boozing and
napping,
ELIZA's swoln like a patient just ready for tapping !
But tho' she may triumph no more with her eyes,
At market she's certain to bear off the prize—
For what can exceed her in—weight, fat, or size ?

A WOMAN'S SMILE.

ON earth there's nothing worth possessing,
Or can the ills of life beguile,
Without that dearest, sweetest b'essing,
The magic of a WOMAN'S SMILE.

The glare of wealth, the pomp of fame,
Are senseless treasures, joyless, vile,
Are baubles with a splendid name,
Without the charm of WOMAN'S SMILE.

The noxious clouds of motley care,
That thicken round our joys awhile,
Like morning mist, dissolve in air
Before the beams of WOMAN'S SMILE.

How sweet the sun's bright beam must be,
After long night to Zembla's isle !
But oh ! much sweeter far to me,
The sunshine of a WOMAN'S SMILE.

Then place me, Fate, where'er you may,
'Mid dreary waste, or savage isle ;
For o'er my soul no gloom can stray,
While I am blest with WOMAN'S SMILE.



N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer from Lon-
don, at the New York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns ; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pow-
ders, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips ; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and
the public in general, that he will continue his School at
No. 17 Bunker-Street as usual ; and will open another
the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful
House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Orchard-
Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has
employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities
are adequate to the task of teaching English Lit-
erature in its various branches. The subscriber will
superintend both schools, and make it the top of his am-
bition to render instruction particularly useful to em-
ployers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every
respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil de-
partment of his pupils. The subscriber purposed living
at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several
gentle boarders, the house being very roomy, and
therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered
with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL,
No. 17, Bunker-Street, New-York.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgage
Indentures, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bon-
ds, &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

NEW-YORK, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, 102, WATER-STREET,
WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS
PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.